

# The Star Journal

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## WOULD YE ENTER?

BY ERNEST REKFOR.

Oh haste! The night is nearing,  
The day grows late, so late!  
The lamps of Heaven are lighted  
The wails you stand and wait.  
Perchance, the while you linger,  
The bridegroom enters in,  
And knocking at the portals  
You can no entrance win.  
If, wakened from your dreaming,  
By bridegroom drawing nigh,  
To find your lamp unlighted  
The while he passeth by,  
Oh sore will be your sorrow,  
When knocking at the gate,  
You find it barred and bolted,  
And you are come too late!  
Rouse up, oh foolish laggards,  
Your lamps I pray you trim,  
That when the bridegroom cometh  
You all can welcome him.  
And when, with marriage music,  
You pass the open gate,  
Your heart will thrill with rapture  
That you are not too late.

## Dick Dimity:

OR,

### The Pet of the Family.

A Strange Story of a Haunted Boy and a Phantom Father.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,  
AUTHOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE RETURN OF THE TRUANT.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day after the running away of Dick Dimity. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky and the boys were running about, merrily at play. Inside the house, with its palatial surroundings, in which lived Mr. Dimity, there was deep and heartfelt sorrow. It was a house of mourning. That day, Mrs. Dimity had been laid in her last home in the cold, cheerless cemetery, and as her husband sat alone in his library, the memory of years rushed over him like a flood, and he wept. He was interrupted by the entrance of his little daughter, Fanny, who rushed boisterously into the apartment. "Papa! papa!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "Hush, my child!" replied Mr. Dimity, reprovingly. "Have you so soon forgotten that we have had death in the house?" "Oh, no, papa; I can never, never forget my dear, poor mamma!" she answered, wiping her eyes. "But, Dick! Dick!" he called. Mr. Dimity sprang to his feet, and his red, swollen eyes flashed wildly. "Dick—come—back!" he repeated, slowly. "Yes, indeed! I have seen him." "Wretched boy! It is fitting that he should have chosen this day for his reappearance. Where is he?" "In the hall, with a strange gentleman." "Tell him to come in here," said Mr. Dimity, adding, in a low voice, "thank Heaven for giving me back my boy, though he was the cause of my losing my wife—his mother!" A few minutes elapsed, when Fanny reappeared, leading a boy by the hand, followed by a middle-aged man, dressed in a suit of black. "I've come back, father!" said the boy, "and I want to ask your forgiveness." "Have you heard of your mother's sad death?" inquired Mr. Dimity. "We buried her to-day." "Yes," replied Island Jim, for it was he, in his new character, "and I'm very sorry for it; but you can't blame me and it's no use beginning that sort of thing. If you do, I'll run away again, and stay away." "What am I to understand by that?" inquired Mr. Dimity. "Make what you like out of it," replied Jim. The boy was playing a part in which he had been carefully tutored by Ben Belshazzar. The latter stepped up to Mr. Dimity, and folding his hands demurely in front of him, said, with a pious snuffle, "My worthy friend, allow me to speak in this misguided boy's behalf." "Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Dimity. "One of the elect, I sincerely hope. It is my humble province to be a deacon of the church in the township, wherein I dwell, but, verily, this is a sinful world." "How did you meet with my boy?" continued Mr. Dimity, who was completely deceived by the likeness between Dick and Jim. "He had penetrated into Pennsylvania, sir, and being an-hungry and athirst, he came to my door and did beg a meal of broken victuals." "Beg? my boy beg?" "Of a verity, he had to beg or steal, and so chose the former alternative. Feeling interested in a lad of his comely presence, I took him in and did give him wherewith to satisfy his hunger; then he confessed to me his story and I prevailed upon him to come back to the fold, like the lost sheep, spoken of out of the hymn of the Ninety and Nine." Jim made a gesture of impatience. "The old chap means to say," he exclaimed, "that I was dead broke and he paid my way home. That is all there is in it, and if you don't want me, I'll start out again." Belshazzar held up his hands in deprecation. "I had hoped, sir," he said, "that the young man's recent experience, and the affliction with which he has been visited, would have softened his heart. I fear he requires some one to look after his moral character and forge the bonds of righteousness about his soul." "My good sir," replied Mr. Dimity, "you speak well, you mean well; I am sure you are an honest man." "How well he knows me," murmured Belshazzar. "I feel that you are an honest citizen of—" "Charityville, Pennsylvania." "Thank you! I never heard of the place, but—" "A mere trifle of a place, sir—a little village in the oil regions, but of a God-fearing population."



Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty Dick was brought to the surface.

"And you are an esteemed deacon of the church, all love you, your life is spent in doing good to your fellow-creatures!" continued Mr. Dimity. "He reads me like a book," said Belshazzar, rubbing his hands unctuously together. "Will you, dear sir, will you undertake the tuition and guidance, in a spiritual sense, of my misguided boy?" "For a consideration!" "Certainly; you shall have a handsome stipend." "Charityville will miss me," exclaimed Belshazzar, in a tone which had imposed upon many a prison chaplain; "the wail of the orphan deprived of his friend, will be heard in the land; but, as I have no family ties to hold me back, I accept the offer." "You accept?" "I do, unhesitatingly. The voice of duty calls me. I will strive hard with the world and the flesh, to snatch this brand from the burning." "Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and too honest to be suspicious," said "I thank you." They shook hands, and then the bereaved father caught Jim in his embrace and kissed his cheek. "My son," he exclaimed, pathetically, "all is forgotten and forgiven. Lead a new life." "I'll try, father," answered Jim, "and as I see you feel bad I'll leave you alone for the present. Come, sis. Is my room as I left it?" Fanny replied that it was, and ran up-stairs before him, which was very useful, as he had not the remotest idea which way to go. Dick's room was plainly furnished, and filled with books, guns, fishing-rods, base-ball bats and other things which youth delights in. "Oh, you naughty brother!" said Fanny, "to run away; but you'll never do it again." "Not till next time. Run and tell one of the servants to bring some cigars and some beer; and say, sissy, is that old Mandragon in that garden?" Fanny looked out of the window. "Yes, that is he—nasty, cross old thing!" she replied. Jim took up a putty-blower, and opening the window, shot a couple of pellets at Mr. Mandragon, which struck the gentleman painfully in the eye and on the ear. "Oh my ear!" cried he, "who's that?" "I'm back again!" shouted Jim. Mr. Mandragon darted quickly into his house and was seen no more. Fanny went off on her errand and the servant soon appeared with what was wanted, leaving the conspirators together. "How did it go off?" queried Jim. "First class! The religious lay quite took the old gentleman. These clothes are tip-top for a deacon of the church. I don't think we shall have any trouble now," replied the Gipsy. "I mean to have fun, I do!" said Jim. "None of your half-and-half for me! You'll have to board out of the house, E'en, or you'll be bored in."

"Certainly; I shall engage a room at Taylor's Hotel, so that no one will be interested in my movements, and I guess that New York will see more of us than Jersey City. Leave all to me; never open your mouth to fill other people's and we shall triumph," said Belshazzar, confidently. "I feel certain of one thing," replied Jim, in the same cautious tone adopted by the Gipsy. "The old man is as soft as a squash and I'll break his heart in a year." Their position was secured; their trick had been successful. The wonderful likeness between Dick and Jim, the latter's intimate knowledge of the household, all combined to deceive everybody. For the first few days he had some trouble in recognizing his associates, but he spent most of his time with Tommy Bennett, and from him derived all the information he wanted without exciting suspicion. In a fortnight he was firmly established. Mr. Belshazzar came every day to give him lessons, acting the part of his tutor, and Mr. Dimity appeared satisfied with the arrangement. Time passed on, however, and Jim became irregular in his habits; he came home late at night; occasionally he stayed out altogether. In his demands for money he became very importunate, and his father could not imagine what he did with all the sums he gave him. One day a forged check was paid by the bank to Jim and the forgery discovered by Mr. Dimity. This raised his ire, as the amount was considerable, and a very painful scene ensued. Mr. Dimity declaring that if it ever happened again, he would allow the law to take its course. The good deacon Belshazzar wept and prayed, but without producing much effect on the young man. After this a coolness amounting almost to an estrangement sprang up between the father and the supposed son. As Mr. Dimity was liberal in his donations of money to Jim, it may be wondered where the funds went. Belshazzar was the gulf into which the greenbacks were poured. "Mr. Dimity, simple-minded and could not restrain his propensity for play. He rendered Jim's life a misery and a burden to him by his repeated and incessant demands for money. Since his wife's death Mr. Dimity had been very intimate with the Mandragons, both of them sympathizing deeply with him in his loss. When the forgery took place Mr. Dimity went to his friends and informed them of the distressing fact. "It grieves me to tell you this," he said, "but you are my friends and neighbors." "The boy is turning out badly, as I always predicted," replied Mr. Mandragon, "and that shows the folly of making one child the pet of the family." "Is that a hint to me to leave the room?" inquired Mrs. Mandragon. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband; "not even to you dare I impart the secret. It must be known but to us two." Mrs. Mandragon, always obedient to her husband's will, did not hesitate a moment. The two gentlemen were left alone together. Their conversation was long and earnest. At the conclusion Mr. Dimity grasped the hand of Mr. Mandragon warmly. "It will be a terrible ordeal," he said, "but I am convinced I ought to do it. If he commits any more enormities the plan shall be put in execution." "Is it a settled bargain?" "It is."

What the bargain was will be seen as the story progresses. Meanwhile, Belshazzar had been very un-lucky in his gambling ventures and was more than ever pressing in his demands upon Jim for money. One evening he was playing cards in the Gipsy's room of the hotel. Wine sparkled in the glasses and the air was perfumed with cigars of the choicest brands. "Jamie," exclaimed Belshazzar, throwing down his cards, "my lucky star is in the ascendant to-night, and I haven't a red to back the tiger with." "All I can get I give to you," replied Jim. "I worry the old man nearly to death for money, and since that affair with the bank he has not been so free with the stamps." "You must get some." "How?" "I have ascertained that Mrs. Dimity's jewels are in a drawer in the bureau of her old room. Bring them to me. The diamonds are worth some thousands." "Steal them?" "Call it what you like; we won't cavil about terms." "The old man won't stand it," said Jim. "I tell you it's a busted racket, and we may as well throw the whole thing up at once." "Ah, pshaw! Blood is stronger than water. You are his son—at least he supposes so—and he may bluster, but he will never disgrace his name. I will have the jewels." "Give me a week." "Take it," replied the Gipsy, toying restlessly with the cards. Jim drank more champagne than was good for him, and went home with his head in a whirl. In the hall he met his supposed father, who instantly saw his condition. "You have been drinking, sir," he exclaimed. "What if I have?" replied Jim, insolently. "It is disgraceful. Go to bed and pray. Heaven may repent of your evil courses," said the saddened father. Jim reeled up-stairs to his room and threw himself all dressed as he was on the bed. Fanny stole noiselessly into the room. "Dick," she cried, "don't you feel well?" "Very dizzy, sis," he replied. "You made such a noise coming up, and I heard papa scolding you. Oh! do try to be a good boy! Papa wants to love you so and you won't let him." "Don't preach," answered Jim; "I hate sermons. Lemme go sleep; can't you?" With difficulty suppressing her tears, Fanny quitted the room to kneel down by her own bedside and wait to Heaven a pure-hearted maiden's prayer for her erring brother. That night Island Jim dreamt of robbery.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE OLD WELL. Mr. and Mrs. Herschell, with their son Carl, and their daughter Lena, owned and lived on the "Woodbine Farm" in New Jersey, a few miles from Elizabeth. Carl came in to breakfast one morning and said: "I don't know, father, what the matter is with Max." Max was the dog. "Hein!" said Mr. Herschell. "Max vos von goot dog. Vot he gone do wrong now?" "I can't get him away from the old well." "Papa, der vos von skunk mit dot well?" "No, I guess I've killed all the skunks round this farm," answered Carl. "Der tog never do nothings for nothings," remarked Mr. Herschell. "Did you take the boards up and look down?" asked Lena. "Not I!" replied Carl; "I wanted my breakfast." "Well, you eat your breakfast and I go look at dot 'ing," enjoined Mr. Herschell. "No, father, let me go," pleaded Lena; "I am dying with curiosity." "Mebbe somet'ings hurts you, und den you die mit somet'ings else?" answered her father. "Please let me go!" "Donner und blitzen! Dot girl is like her mudder; she most always have her own way." "You always let me have mine, too," said Lena, kissing him. "Ya. I love my Lena. Go den and gom pack soon, mit der news," cried her father. Lena, with the fair hair and blue, liquid, talking eyes, ran off. She was gone about five minutes, and when she returned her face was pale and her manner strangely agitated. "Oh! father," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands. "Donner-wetter! der mildschen, has seen ein ghost!" Mr. Herschell asked. "Worse," replied Lena, recovering herself. "What is it?" "There is a man in the well, all covered with blood and—oh! it is so dreadful! I think he is dead." At this intelligence, farmer Herschell and Carl quitted the breakfast-table and ran eagerly toward the old well. Lena had removed the boards, and looking down, they perceived a body, doubled up as it dead. The dog howled dimly, as if he appreciated the discovery as much as they. "Mein Gott in himmel!" cried the farmer; "this vos von murder! Get a rope, Carl! This vos von bloody murder. Hein!"

Carl procured a rope, and with some difficulty the body was brought to the surface. There was a slight pulsation of the heart, and a blade of dry grass, placed against the lips, fluttered, showing that there was a feeble respiration. "He vos not dead yet!" said Herschell. "Send for der herr doctor and der richter shudge! Look at dot head! It vos all crushed in, poor boy!" Carl hastened to send one of the farm hands for a medical man, and then assisted to carry the body into the house, where it was charitably placed upon a bed. Good-hearted people were these Germans, and though the boy was ragged and looked poverty-stricken, like a tramp, they did not neglect to do their duty to their neighbor. Like the Samaritan, they refused to pass by on the other side of the way, but poured oil and wine—figuratively—into his wounds. The half-dead boy was Dick Dimity, whom Belshazzar and Island Jim thought they had silenced forever. Tenderly, as if it had been her own brother, Lena washed the clotted blood from his hair and face. When the doctor arrived, he examined the body carefully. "This has been a brutal attempt at murder," he said. "The skull is fractured, and I fear there is concussion of the brain. To move him will be certain death. With you, he may recover." Mr. Herschell spoke to his wife. "Doctor," he said, "he shall stay here. We are Christians. I will pay your bill. Isch dot satisfactory?" "Perfectly." The doctor dressed the wounds, left a prescription for a febrifuge, and promised to call again soon. For many days and nights Dick remained unconscious, but he did not die. Thanks to the kind treatment, delicate nursing and medical skill he received, all aided by a strong constitution, he battled bravely with death and gained the mastery. But when he grew well again, after the lapse of many weeks, he had a vacant stare in his eyes, an unmeaning expression about his face and an idiotic smile when spoken to. All this was very sad and painful to his good friends, the Herschells, who appealed to the doctor about this strange symptom. He was of opinion that the brain was injured and that the boy was an idiot. Whether he would ever recover his faculties or not, he would not venture to say, though he had known cases of loss of reason, arising from a similar cause, cured in time. "Watch and wait," he concluded. Again the charity of the Herschells was called into active operation. Most people, under the circumstances, would have sent the helpless boy to the County House, where he would have been placed among the insane poor. They did nothing of the sort; they kept him with them and let him wander harmlessly about the farm, and sit down at their table and live like one of themselves. "What is your name?" asked Lena, over and over again. He would shake his head sadly. "I don't know," he replied. "I had a name, once, but it went away from me that night when all was so dark." Pursuing her astute catechism, she would say: "Have you no home?" "No; I lived in a barn." "Cannot you remember your friends?" "It is all gone. I can recollect nothing," he would reply. "I will try, though; some day it may come back to me. If I could only think of something, I might get it all; but now it is blank, blank, blank!" He was very grateful to them for their kindness, and always anxious to do any odd job they might have on the farm, compatible with his strength. And so, he got to be one of the family, and the "boy," as they called him, was pitied and liked by all. We must leave Dick Dimity, struggling with his blindness in the family of the Herschells, while we return to Island Jim and his rascally mentor, Ben Belshazzar.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE BOY OBEYS A BAD COMMAND. ALTHOUGH his daring venture had been successful so far, and he was living in luxury such as he had never before been accustomed to, dark clouds were gathering around Island Jim. A storm was about to burst over his head, and though the storm was no bigger than a man's hand at present, it threatened in process of time to assume formidable dimensions. He was, one morning, amusing himself by playing ball with Tommy Bennett in the garden at the back of the house. The ball went over the fence into Mr. Mandragon's yard, owing to Tommy's carelessness, and his flight was followed by a slight scream. "There you go again, butter-fingers!" shouted Jim. "Now somebody's hit and I've got the blame." "A lot you care!" replied Tommy. Without answering him Jim climbed the fence, and springing down on the other side he held a charming young lady, who was holding her hand to her face, which had been grazed by the ball. "How very careless you are!" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproof. Jim stared at her with admiration, and his fixed gaze was almost rude. Tall, dark, slim in figure, but wonderfully symmetrical, with long eyelashes that fringed her lustrous eyes, and features so regular as to rival those classic nymphs, sculptured by Phidias and Praxiteles in the palmy days of Greek art, he thought she was the most lovely creature he had ever seen. "I beg your pardon, miss!" he replied. "It was all Tom Bennett's carelessness." "How you stare at me!" she fretted. "One would think you had never seen me before." "I—I—that is, of course, I recollect you, but I can't think where I have met you before," stammered Jim. The girl laughed as if much amused. "That's very complimentary," said she. "You were playfellows all last year, and that you did me the honor to admire me—at least you said so." "Oh, yes. I know you now. It was only my



fun. How are you, and when did you come back?" asked Jim, trying to brazen it out.

"Last night; but tell me who I am?"

"What nonsense! Old friends don't want to joke like this. Excuse me a moment. I am scarcely fit to be seen after playing ball. I'll go and fix myself up, and come round to the front."

Without allowing her to say anything more, he kissed the tips of his fingers to her and vaulted again over the fence.

Tommy had been watching him through a hole in the woodwork.

"You're a nice fellow! Where's the ball?" he said.

"Oh! hang the ball! I'm not going to play any more," replied Jim.

"I see how it is," retorted Tom, laughing.

"Directly you saw Mercedesita you couldn't think of anything else, I don't know?"

"Mercedita!" repeated Jim, to himself.

"What a pretty name! So, it appears, I am in love with Mercedesita! Well, I have no objection."

"Where has she been?" he asked, aloud.

"Why, don't you know? What a fellow you are. Ever since you went on that tramp, you've lost your memory. You are always asking me the most stupid questions about places and people."

"I had a good many trials and privations, that time."

"So I should think! Well, Mercedesita is old Mandragon's niece. I suppose you know that."

"Ah! pshaw! What are you giving me? Tell me something I don't know!"

"Last year she went to visit some relations in Cuba, where she was born, and the boys always supposed that you and she were going to hitch teams, some of these days."

Jim ran into the house, and brushing his hair, put on his most fascinating necktie; after which he visited Mr. Mandragon's house.

The servant refused him admittance.

"Mr. Mandragon, sir," said the servant, "has left orders that you are to be told that the family are not at home to you."

Jim bit his lips with vexation.

In the hall he saw the young lady leaning on her uncle's arm.

Mercedita! he exclaimed.

She gave him a cold stare and passed into the drawing-room with her relative.

Jim retired in disgust and felt very mean.

"My dear child," said Mr. Mandragon, to her, "my conduct may seem harsh, but I do not wish you to renew your former intimacy with that young man."

"Your wishes are always law to me, uncle," replied Mercedesita.

"He is bad, worthless and wicked. Only lately he perpetrated a forgery on his father."

"Indeed! What seemed strange to me was that he did not know me. There is something peculiar about him; he does not seem the same Dick Dimity to me."

Mr. Mandragon started.

"The same idea had occurred to me," he said.

"It is singular it should strike us both. There is a mystery somewhere, though it is useless to suggest it to Dimity; he scouts the idea."

"What do you think, uncle?"

"My darling, I cannot give my thoughts words. We must leave it to time to unravel what appears so strange and contradictory."

While this conversation took place between the lovely Mercedesita and her uncle, Jim walked down to the hotel to visit his guide, philosopher and friend.

To his surprise he met Ennas Belshazzar in the street.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said he.

"To me, too, I am glad I have met you," replied the Gipsy.

There was that in his manner which showed that something of an unusual nature had occurred, for he was strangely agitated.

"Anything gone wrong?" inquired Jim, his heart coming into his throat, as he feared that they were detected.

"Yes; I must have those jewels at once."

"Can't you wait till night, when the house is quiet and all are asleep?" asked Jim.

"I cannot; the fact is I must cut and run as soon as possible," replied Ennas. "How long I shall be away I don't know, but I will communicate steadily with you, who must run the machine by yourself during my absence."

"Leave me alone!"

"It's unavoidable. You are well planted, now, and need not be afraid of anything."

"You have told me so much that you can afford to tell me a little more," said Jim. "We ought to have no secrets from one another."

"Well, I'll trust you," answered the Gipsy, while a nervous tremor ran through his body.

"Ten years ago I was in Virginia City, Nevada, and had made a pile, speculating in stocks, which was easy enough in those days, if you were on the spot, and in with the ring. There was a rich fellow there, a Spanish marquis, Manuel de Garcia. His wife was very charming, and I ran away with her."

"Ah, I begin to see!" exclaimed Jim.

"We went to Los Angeles, in Lower California, where he found us out. I fled; he killed his wife and took a solemn oath at the old Mission church there, that he would never rest till he had slain me, and I have always had an idea he would keep his word."

"Well?"

"Last night I met him in the street, and he recognized me in the crowd. I slipped away, but I am uneasy. I dare not stay in the same city with el Senor Manuel de Garcia, for that man's presence means death to me."

"Go armed! What have you to be afraid of?"

The Gipsy shivered like a leaf.

"I am not either morally or physically a coward," he rejoined, "yet I lose my nerve when I think of Garcia. For ten years a blight has been on me. Nothing that I have touched has prospered with me, except this last venture of ours."

"Whither?" asked Jim.

"I know not. Anywhere out of his way. I think I'll try one of the West India Islands for a while. Now you see why I must have money at once."

Island Jim's resolution was soon taken.

"Wait for me at the hotel," he ordered. "It is risky, but I'll do it for your sake."

They parted, and Jim returned to the house, to learn from the servant that Mr. Dimity was lunching at Mr. Mandragon's.

He knew that Mrs. Dimity's jewels, valued at a very large sum, were locked in the drawer of a bureau in her husband's sleeping apartment. There was no doubt about this, because Mr. Dimity had once, in a moment of confidence, shown them to him.

Being an adept in picking locks, he provided himself with a piece of wire and ascended to the room. The servants were all below at dinner, and Fanny had gone to school. Pulling down the curtains of the window he set to work, and in five minutes his practised hand had succeeded in opening the drawer.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 464.)

## Old Occident's Stratagem.

BY OLD COOMES.

It was night upon the Grand Prairie of Nebraska, but it was some years ago—before the U. P. railroad had carried its civilizing influence over that vast domain of the wild buffalo and wilder savage. It was a March night, wild and tempestuous; so, at least, thought that little band of homesteaders that were encamped in the very heart of that great plain.

The party consisted of seven men, one of whom was Old Occident, a famous hunter, who was acting as guide for the others. Two wagons and a spring-buggy, each drawn by two horses, composed the outfit of the homesteaders, as men seeking homes upon the Government lands were called.

In leaving the settlement that morning, Occident felt satisfied of their ability to reach the

timber on the opposite side of the prairie; but, owing to a strong wind blowing in their faces, their progress was slow and they were compelled to go into camp on the open plain; and that, too, with some strange, suspicious-looking objects hovering along the western horizon. They were suspicious-looking because they looked like savages; and the presence of savages there meant mischief.

"If it's Ingus," declared Old Occident, "it's a band of raiders from the North-west, and they may give me trouble."

Every precaution was taken to guard against danger. The night fell black, starless and wild. Black clouds rolled through the ethereal deep like billows on a maddened ocean, and the cold March wind came shrieking down from the north-west with unrelenting fury.

The homesteaders were compelled to remove the canvas tilts from their wagons to keep them from being whipped to shreds and the wagons upset. This deprived them of their only shelter and made the night all the more cold and disagreeable; but after long hours of patient waiting morning dawned, cold and bleak, with a fearful wind still blowing from the north-west. But this was not the worst; every horse was gone! While out upon the prairie, upon all sides and corners, were a hundred hostile Indians.

"Surrounded by the shades of the temple!" exclaimed Old Occident.

"My God!" responded Jonathan Miles, "we are doomed!"

"It looks shadowy for us, boys," Occident continued; "there are a pack of murderous Sioux making a raid down in this country whar there hasn't been a hostile for two years, and they're after hair, this outfit may furnish 'em about seven head-ropes."

"Do you think they'll make a charge upon us?" asked Miles.

"They would if they knewed how few there was of us; but, boys, I mean to break through them lines and bring assistance."

"Man, you are crazy!" stormed Jonathan Miles; "what could you do afoot? Fifty rifles would be turned on you before you could reach their lines. I tell you it's impossible—it's madness."

"I've an idea in my head, colonel," responded Occident, "that may outwit the red devils. I'll try it, at least. I've never seed the red skin that could beat me on a stratagem. All I want you to do is to stand with your repeaters and revolvers ready to repel any charge. As they're afoot, you could shoot 'em all down with them long-rangers of yours after they could get here, and they seem to be aware of the fact, too, and are layin' around out there waitin' for us to try to escape. But we see ourselves doin' such a thing as that! If the daisies git my hair, they must fight for it, and I know it's the same by yours."

"Yes, yes!" shouted the homesteaders, as their minds reverted to the dear ones that would wait and watch their coming with eager impatience.

Old Occident now went to work to prepare for his departure, and it was with a curious osity that his movements were watched by his companions. The first thing he did was to tie the buggy, belonging to the party, to one of the wagons. This done he raised the buggy-pole until it pointed heavenward, and there fastened by means of stay-chains taken from one of the wagons.

"Hal hal ha!" he laughed, as he regarded the hub of his work; "boys, I used to be a sailor build, and what I know about reefing in and riggin' a vessel we'll be knowin'."

That buggy-pole cocked up that reminds me of bare mast without sail, and here goes for the sail."

It was apparent now, to the homesteaders, what their old guide was up to. He intended to rig the light buggy with sail, take advantage of the wild, sweeping wind and endeavor to escape. But the idea seemed as impossible and as foolhardy as it was foolhardy, and Jonathan Miles remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose.

"You'll never know till ye try, Jonathan," Occident would reply; "you see, that wind is blowin' at the rate of thirty miles or more an hour, and I believe I can sail through the breakers like a flint. If I do, I'll have a hundred men here from the Plate Settlements afore night."

The old man took one of the canvas tilts and some ropes and rigging, and constructed a square sail which he adjusted, in good order, to the mast. A rope was then attached to the ends of the fore-edge, just inside the wheels, for a steering apparatus, and Occident was ready to sail.

"Now, boys," he said, mounting the seat of the wind-ship, "when I say the word, cut her loose and let her flicker. I'll sail south-east with the wind and if the Ingus git too thick in that direction I'll veer off to the south and take the wind in my quarters. Now, when you do, boys, keep a stiff upper lip, and, if the devils tempt to steal a march on you, don't give up as long as you've breath. It may be they'll break their lines, when I sail out, so's you can escape. If you do, make tracks to the point we left yesterday mornin'. Now, then, cut her loose!"

One of the men cut the rope that held the buggy to the wagon just as Occident ran up his sail. The vessel picked forward, almost on its beam ends, as the canvas caught the wind, but Old Occident soon set it right. A convulsive quiver seemed to shake the whole vehicle; then with the straining of the ropes and creaking of the timbers the light vehicle shot away in a zigzag course, reeling and tottering like a drunken thing.

It was some time before Occident could get the craft under control, so swiftly and wildly did it lunge and dart along the prairie, like a wounded bird in the air or a maddened steed endeavoring to unseat its rider.

The savages were stricken with awe at the sight of the white-winged monster sweeping out of the camp of the pale-faces, and stood as if rooted to the spot. This lasted only for a moment. With a deafening yell they started toward the point where they saw the wind-wagon would pass their lines.

"By heavens!" cried Jonathan Miles, "they will slay the guide! He can never pass that cordon of savages—I see he veers to the right! he will dodge them!"

True enough. The old borderman, seeing the danger that was gathering before him, pulled the rein, and his wind-steed turned and plunged away toward the south at a fearful speed, the wheels bumping like a hundred spindles.

Fifty rifles rung out. A few bullets tore through the sail, but no further damage was sustained by the old land sailor, and in three minutes from the time he had started, Occident had passed the deadline and was flying down the plain, while the savages strung out over the prairie in pursuit like the tail of a comet.

With eager eyes the homesteaders watched the white sail receding in the distance over the soft carpet of snow. They were all praying a prayer of thanks for the success of the guide's novel yet daring adventure in their behalf.

The diversion created by the escape of Old Occident enabled Jonathan and his friends to escape from their beleaguered camp, and on foot make their way across the prairie toward the nearest settlement. But before half the distance had been made they met Occident, with a company of cavalry that had been in search of the Indians some days, coming to their rescue.

A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied: "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

At a recent Sunday-school concert the superintendent was talking about idols, when to his astonishment the children were understanding what he was saying, he asked: "Children, what is an idol?" "Being lazy," was the loud and quick response of one of the members of the juvenile class.

## FOR GOLD.

BY A. W. HELLAS.

To-night they wed me to the Earl;  
Already in the hall  
The throng is met; the dancers whirl  
In rout and carnival;  
And music's 'wondering soul' is there,  
And I, but me and me—  
Alas, if ever my dear  
Should greet another day!

What if he owns broad lands of worth,  
With parks and palaces;  
If he never shall be mine,  
My heart could not be his.  
And he is old, and I am young—  
Fool of my father's plot;  
And he has a cruel tongue—  
And then, I love him not.

Alas, the love is weighed with wrong!  
My little sweet desire  
For life, howe'er it pass along,  
To see this night expire.  
Oppression's self is everywhere;  
The helpless heart is here:  
And he has a cruel tongue—  
What can be worse, be worse!

Come, nurse, good nurse, and in my hair  
These shining diamonds set,  
For they may serve to make me fair  
A little longer.  
'These pale white flowers' wreath 'round my brow,  
And leave the red at rest,  
Whose color'll blight me now  
To wear on brow or breast.

Good nurse, good-by; your kindness done,  
You hence need show no more;  
To-night shall I be sadder won  
By death than Evadne.  
Nor friend have I in this distress,  
And like a slave I crave  
From those around whom I hate less  
To save or try to save.

They wait me in the hall! I go;  
I am delaying late;  
And they shall meet me coming slow  
To lead me to the altar.  
But I'll not say the word that makes  
My life from life apart,  
Nor bid the hateful that breaks  
And ne'er can bless my heart.

For ere he touch these lips that speak,  
To make his vow divine,  
My lost breath shall have left them weak;  
I'll be alone, and I'll be true.  
'I'll live not where I do not love,  
Nor smile where I despise,  
And heaven is my witness,  
Though bitter death denies.

## Merle, the Mutineer:

### THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

#### A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.  
AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURE ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN ROVER," "THE PIRATE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### A USELESS APPEAL.

At a very early hour, on the morning following the arrival of the cruiser of Captain De Silva, in the harbor of Havana, a *volante* drew up to the gate of the *Palacio* of the Captain, or Governor-General of Cuba.

From the vehicle a lady, heavily veiled, alighted, and gave her card to the sentinel, who dispatched it by a servant in to the ruler of the *Genio* of the Antilles.

In a few moments a young officer, in gorgeous uniform came forward, and bowing low, bade the lady follow him into the *Palacio*.

Ascending the spacious stair-way to an upper corridor, upon the opposite side of which was a grand hall-way, the visitor was ushered out upon a cool veranda which opened upon a lovely garden, filled with orange and lemon trees, while the air was laden with the fragrance of innumerable and rare flowers.

Numberless fountains filled the garden, cooling the air, and the trees were thronged with singing birds, which made the place a very Eden, in which to while away the sultry hours of the day.

Half-reclining upon a willow seat, upon which were silken cushions, the Governor-General was sipping black coffee, eating a hard-sweet biscuit, called a *semilla*, and now and then giving a whiff at a *Regalia*—a cigar seldom seen away from Havana, and a luxury indeed to the smoker.

As the lady approached, the governor threw away his cigar, and rising, met her with extended hand.

Welcome, Señorita De Silva; this is indeed an honor. By the way, allow me to thank you for your part in the capture of those pirates."

"It is of those pirates, as you call them, your Excellency, that I would speak—at least of one of them," said Rana, firmly.

"How can the Señorita De Silva feel interest in a pirate, may I ask?" queried the Governor-General, in surprise.

"I feel the interest of gratitude toward one who rendered me a service I shall never forget. Your Excellency is aware of the capture of the vessel I came from Spain in, by Freelande, the buccaneer?"

"Yes, señorita, and that you recognized in the leader of these outlaws, one who served you; but what then, lady?"

"It is your intention, my father tells me, to have them all executed."

"It is; at sunrise to-morrow they shall be shot; taken as pirates they shall be shot without trial."

"There can be one exception, if your Excellency is so inclined to favor me."

"In anything but sparing the life of one of those wretches, yes, lady; but not in that, not in that."

"This is your firm decision, *Eccellenza*?"

"It is—irrevocably."

Rena De Silva knew the Governor-General too well to urge more, and felt that her appeal was useless; but she did not yet despair.

"Still, your Excellency, you will permit me to visit the prisoner, and carry with me a holy father to cheer his last hours; you will not deny me this, señor?"

"Assuredly not, señorita; they certainly deserve all the consolation the *padre* can give them, for their sins have been great, and if the Señorita De Silva wishes to that, in person, one who has, I admit, greatly served her, I will give her *carte blanche* to visit the Moro."

"Don Fernando will be only too happy to have the honor of so fair a face shine within its gloomy walls."

Unmotivated the compliment, Rana continued: "One favor more, señor Excellency?"

"Name it, señorita."

"It is to give the poor doomed men a respite until to-morrow night, at least."

"Why, señorita? Better have the matter over with."

"No; let them die with the dying day, not with its beginning."

"You have some motive in this, señorita, I cannot fathom," and the Governor-General eyed her closely.

"A woman's motives, señor, are unfathomable," smiled Rana.

"Granted. From Father Adam to our day, no man ever fully understood a woman," laughed the Governor.

"We are discussing men now, señor; will you grant my request?"

"Then I know what the reason, señorita."

"That I cannot now tell, *Eccellenza*; but it is a good one, and you are assuredly not afraid of a girl, that you refuse."

"A girl is a woman, señorita, and I am afraid of everything that wears a petticoat," and his Excellency laughed half-seriously.

Then, as if ashamed of his doubts, he continued:

"Certainly, señorita; it is only a few hours, more or less, and I will grant it; but when the wretches come to die in the evening they will be sorry they were not executed in the morning."

"True, and if led out in the morning, they would wish to live until evening, your Excellency."

"Pointed reasoning without doubt. How else can I serve you, señorita?"

"By giving me the permit for myself and a *padre* to visit the Moro."

"Ah, yes, I will order it at once," and calling to a slave, dressed in muslin trousers and jacket, he bade him summon his *aide-de-camp*.

The same officer who had ushered Rana into the presence of the Governor-General at once appeared.

"Señor Rafael, bid my secretary write a permit for the Señorita De Silva to visit the Moro, accompanied by one or more friends, for the purpose of seeing the pirates just incarcerated there."

The officer bowed, and soon returned with the permit, and placed a gold instand, and quill pen beside the Governor, who at once attached his name to the paper.

Thanking him, Rana arose and departed from the *Palacio*, and entering her *volante*, drove rapidly away into the heart of the city.

An hour after the same *volante* rolled beneath the massive gateway of the Castle El Moro, and drew up in front of the commandant's quarters.

From the vehicle descended a *padre* of the Spanish order and the Señorita De Silva.

Don Fernando Miguel, Colonel Commandant of the Moro, caught sight of the fair form, as he was just entering his quarters, and came hastily forward.

"Ah! the Señorita De Silva! Your slave, lady."

He bowed low before the beauty and heiress, for he was a bachelor, under forty, handsome and a marrying man, if—he could marry a fortune.

Rana bestowed upon the handsome Spaniard her sweetest smile, and said, in her most dulcet tones:

"Señor colonel, I have come to see one of your prisoners."

"I would that I were he, lady, be he whom he may!" gallantly said the commandant.

"I thank you, señor; but as this man dies to-morrow it would not be pleasant to change places with him. I refer to Merle, the pirate officer."

"Ah, the mutineer?"

"The same, señor; he saved me from a sad fate once, and in his distress I have come with a holy *padre* to cheer him by a few words."

Your bright eyes, Señorita De Silva, would unlock my lowest dungeon, and though against orders—

"But I have here the permit I received from the hand of the Governor-General himself."

"Ah, I had hoped you felt that with me I needed no order, señorita; I will send the guard after the *padre*."

"Pardon, señor, I prefer to see him in his cell. I have a curiosity to behold the interior of this gloomy old pile. Ah! what troops of ghosts must throng these corridors at night," and Rana shuddered.

Calling a soldier the commandant bade him conduct the maiden and *padre* to the cells of the mutineers, for he felt that his presence was not desired.

Through interminable passages, gloomy and forbidding, down stone stairways, and far from the light of day, the guide led the way, until they came to a large room on the right.

This is the guard-room, lady; we will find here the jailer of this tier of cells," and the soldier, excusing himself, soon returned with an old man, bearded and stern.

"Pedro, the *señorita* has orders from the commandant to you."

The servant, lady, and the old jailer bowed.

"I would see Merle the Mutineer," quietly said Rana, shuddering at the dismal surroundings with which she was encompassed.

Silently the old























## MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My grandfather's clock stood in the hall,  
Where it ticked the years away,  
And lots of time did it consume;  
'Twas hungry night and day,  
'Twas long, and lank, and somewhat odd,  
But then it acted bad;  
It ran quite fast when I had fun,  
And slow when I was sad.

It counted all my youthful hours;  
It told my mother, too,  
When I was going how many hours  
I had been overdue.  
My "in a minute" by that clock  
Was rather long-drawn-out;  
It ended sometimes in dispute,  
And I—I wasn't stout.

It told me when to go to bed  
Entirely too soon,  
And then it brought the breakfast hour  
Too previous to noon.  
It went against me all the time,  
And somehow made me sour,  
And sixty little minutes made  
What they would call an hour.

It interfered so much with time  
When I'd go out to play,  
That once I reached school, I found  
And—something was to pay.  
Two dozen hours made a day,  
When playing I would toil;  
But when I worked that awful clock  
Was much in need of oil.

It ticked my childhood's days away  
Before they seemed half through;  
It brought me many a happy hour—  
And many a licking, too, in my ear.  
Its tick, tick, ticks rings in my ear  
Familiarly to-day;  
And it insinuates that I  
Will soon be growing gr-green.

I've seen the time when that old clock  
Was stuffed too full of time,  
But then it brought the hour for meals—  
And then it was *entirely* fine!  
(I think I never missed a meal  
And one I never earned);  
Those hands have told me several hours  
Which never have returned.

I watch that clock with other eyes  
Than in the old time gone;  
It tells me of the speed of time  
And du-bills coming on;  
Its tick, tick, ticks is just the same  
As what it used to be,  
But then its meaning, I am sure,  
Is different to me.

Tick on, old clock, the guide of Time,  
Thy voice I love to hear!  
And may it for a hundred years  
Make music in my ear.  
Deal out your time with careful hands;  
The times are changed, you know;  
Go lightly, smoothly on, old clock,  
But—go a little slow!

## Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

## A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY ARILOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

I.  
A VILLANOUS COMPACT—THE SAILOR'S PERIL—  
—THE YACHTSMAN TO THE RESCUE.

In a low room of a sailor's haunt in the purlieu of a whaling city two men sat in close discussion. One was a sailor—you could be sure of that at a glance—and the other a gentleman, as far as fine clothing and the appearance of culture were concerned. Yet there was something in the lowering glance which he shot from under his heavily-arched eyebrows which was far from pleasant. He was a man, somewhat past the middle age, who had evidently taken life easily, and proposed to do the same, if possible, during the remainder of his years.

His companion, the sailor, was a person whose face was not altogether bad, and yet who looked like one who might be tempted to do an evil deed, if by that he could advance his own interests. He had a look of cunning in his face now, and was in a mood to drive a hard bargain with the man before him.

"No more drink for me, Mr. Stanford," he said, pushing away the bottle. "It won't do for a man in liquor to try to drive a trade. I'm Yankee enough to know that."

"I thought you liked it," said the gentleman, looking at him for a moment with a scowling brow, but at last broke into a laugh.

"Let it go at that, Jack," he said. "I, for one, am glad that you are coming to your senses, for you know well that you would have been in command of a ship long ago but for that one falling. Now, to business; I am going to send a boy to see with you, this cruise—a boy who has been everything evil, and I want you to break his spirit or break his neck, I don't much care which."

"Go on; you mean something else besides that," said the sailor.

"Perhaps I do. Can't you see a point without it is put in shape to suit you?"

"Yes, I might understand, but I want you to state it in so many words. Would you be very much grieved if the boy never came back?"

The gentleman looked quickly over his shoulder as if to see if any one was watching, and then bent closer.

"Look here, Jack," he said; "on the day when you came back and say that this young cub, whom I have, in a plain way, told you that I cannot return, I will pay you five thousand dollars and give you the command of the Flying Cloud. What do you say?"

"It is a bargain! I'll see to it that he never comes back."

They filled their glasses and drank a bumper to the success of their vile scheme; then the gentleman wrapped his cloak about him and hurried from the place.

"A bad lot, a bad lot!" muttered the sailor, as he filled his glass again. "Curse the old skinflint! He has been my bone all through life, and I suppose I must do his dirty work to the end of the chapter."

He sat there for an hour, drinking glass after glass of the fiery liquor, until his brain was all in a whirl, when he rose and staggered from the place, with a dim idea that he must make his way to the ship which lay in the harbor.

He worked his sinuous way along the streets until the cool air of the sea began to blow in his face, and he came out upon the wharf in full view of the shipping. A small dingy lay there; he entered her with difficulty and got out his oars, pushing away from the wharf and almost upsetting the boat in the attempt to recover his oar.

"Jack, Jack!" he cried, in a tone of supreme contempt. "Here you are, drunk and disorderly; allers drunk when you get a day's liberty ashore. You ought to be keelhaaved, my lad; that's what's the matter. Whoopee! Get out of my way!"

It was bright moonlight, and he was crossing the bows of a swift-sailing yacht, which was standing out of the harbor for a moonlight run, going free, with a merry party on board, most of whom were thinking of anything except the sailor in the dingy. Only one person, a graceful, handsome boy who had just raised the peak and taken a turn to make fast, got his eye on the dingy for a moment.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "pull hard, you lubber—pull port, hard!"

"Lubber yourself, you young skip!" roared the sailor, resting on his oars directly under the bows of the yacht and leaning forward to shake

his fist at the erect figure on the quarter-deck forward.

"Starboard your helm, Dick!" shouted the boy. "Hard, boy, hard!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and the young fellow who gave the order leaped to the peak halyards designing to dip the peak. But the drunken sailor had resumed his oars, and pulled two hard strokes, and the sharp prow of the swift yacht struck the small boat, cutting her down in an instant, and they heard a horrible grating sound under the keel as the yacht passed over her.

"Throw her up into the wind, Dick!" shouted the young commander, as he bounded upon the rail, "and you, Ned, stand by to throw me a line!"

Joining his hands above his head he hurled himself headforemost into the water, rising not far from the struggling sailor, who made a desperate attempt to clutch him. But the boy quickly eluded his grasp, and caught him by the thick hair upon the back of his head.

"No you don't!" he cried. "On your back, quick! I'll save you."

The sailor, drunk as he was, seemed to understand that he must obey; he flung himself on his back just as a coil of rope, thrown by a practiced hand, fell across the arm of the brave boy, who caught it with his disengaged hand and swung out to the men on the yacht to haul away. They obeyed promptly, and the two, the boy clinging to the hair of the sailor, were quickly dragged up to the side of the yacht. One of the yachtsmen, bending forward, caught the sailor by the shoulder, when the boy who had saved him released his hold and clambered over the rail. Then they laid hold of Jack Maxwell and dragged him aboard.

"All right, lads," said the boy. "How do you feel, old man?"

The sailor rose slowly, shook himself like a water-dog emerging from a bath, and growled: "You kid-glove sailors don't make no bones of running a man down, do ye?"

"They pick up the chips, howsoever, old boy," replied the man at the helm. "Dry up, you; if it hadn't bin fur the boy, whar would ye be? In Davy Jones's locker, I reckon."

"That's you, eh, Dick Frisbee? Mighty crank you be, since you took to pond-sailing. Didn't yer cussid craft cut me in two, say?"

"A man that was fool enough to stop and Jack Maxwell under the bows of a swift-sailing clipper order be cut in two. But show that,

eighty at the least and standing fully six feet high."

Ben was a quiet, silent fellow—in fact, a regular taciturn giant, attended strictly to his duties, and was extremely slow in forming friendships.

But the big mate and myself were by our duties thrown much in contact, for we shared the middle watch together, and of course it wasn't in human nature that two men should pass hour after hour of the silent night together without indulging in conversation, particularly when fellow like myself, with a passion for hearing strange stories; and I was fully satisfied, too, that the Big Mate was a walking Arabian Nights, full of strange tales.

At last my curiosity was gratified. One night, as we were slowly forging upstream with a big load of cotton on board, for once in his life Big Ben became communicative.

I had been relating some little adventures of my own on the upper river during the war, happening in and about the towns of Hard Times and Waterproof, when we Confeds used to lure the Yankee gunboat officers ashore, "hunting magnolias," as their pursuit of our fair and dashing Southern girls was commonly termed, and then bag them, body and boots.

"Women ar' wuss than Old Nick, sometimes," the mate earnestly remarked, when I had concluded my recital.

"Ah, you have some experience, then? Spin a yarn to while the tiresome hours away."

For a wonder the big fellow consented. "Have you ever been in Mexico?" he asked.

I replied in the negative, for at that time I had never visited the land of Montezuma, although only a short time after this period of which I write, chance turned my wayward steps in that direction, and as one of the Foreign Legion I drew my sword in the service of the Austrian adventurer.

"Wal, 'bout ten years ago I follered the sea for a living, and it so happened that I got on a board of a little trading craft that picked up a living along the Gulf of California and 't'other waters near by. I was captain of the craft and had an interest in the venture; we did considerable trade and a deal more smuggling, and that's whar the profit came in."

"Wal, one fine day we came to anchor off Guyamas—mebbe you know whar the town is?" I signified that I did, and the story proceeded.

"Wal, there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the room and then histed him outen it, jest as slick as a whistle. There was a gully jest right back of the house, and no sooner had I got across and climbed up the bank when the Greasers came tearing out; but jest at that very minute, I felt the earth tremble under my feet, with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see—rocks and sand and boulders a-tearing along. The Greasers howled, brandished their weapons, and then I was some king of a foreign devil and had started the hull-billing. Wal, that leetle land-slide airtquake saved us, and we got safely back to the schooner, boy, dog and all."



"Johnny fainted dead away with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see."

mate; you ain't got the drink out of you, or you'd know the boy saved your life."

Jack Maxwell growled something in reply which was hardly audible; but at this moment a whale-boat, pulling four oars, came up rapidly.

"Hail that boat!" he growled. "It's my old man."

But it was not necessary. The men in the boat had seen the accident and its result, and Jack Maxwell, looking hard at the young fellow who had saved him, for it began to dawn upon his mind in a misty kind of way that he had something to be thankful for. But the yacht pulled away on her course and the whale-boat pulled for the ship, Jack hardly hearing the gentle anathemas piled upon his head by his captain.

He went below at once, and did not come on deck until the day was breaking; then the captain was on deck, getting the ship ready to sail, for Jack was too valuable as a mate to quarrel with while yet in harbor. He was sober enough now, and set to work with a will.

"There's a boat coming off to us, Captain Stone," he announced.

"Yes," growled the captain; "I've got to be wet nuss to a young lubber who is going to sea for fun. I'll run him before the cruise is over. Rig a whip there!"

A shore-boat shot up to the side, in which sat two passengers—Mr. Stanford and a boy not far from nineteen years of age, who, disdaining the use of the whip, caught a line and ran up the side with the agility of an old salt. He was followed more slowly by Mr. Stanford, who advanced to the side of the captain.

"This is my nephew, Walter Ferguson, Captain Stone," he said. "I leave him in your care, but I trust in my old friend Jack Maxwell to make a sailor of him."

The boy, a handsome young fellow, full of life and spirit, looked quickly at the mate, and broke into a short laugh, while a look of horror came into the face of the mate. For, in the lad he had promised to destroy, he recognized the youthful commander of the yacht who had saved his life the night before!

(To be continued.)

## The Greasers of Guyamas.

A Tale Told in the Middle Watch.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

RIGHT after the close of the war I found myself in New Orleans, sans occupation, sans money, sans almost anything, except influence, and once in a while in this brief life of ours influence is a very good thing to possess, and so it happened, thanks to my friends, that in a very short time I obtained a berth as clerk on the Sunflower Belle, a little river packet plying between New Orleans and the little ports down below.

The pay was not large, but it was a living, and I was quite satisfied.

Every man in this world has his story, the old saying says, and there was one man on board of the Sunflower Belle whom I was quite satisfied not only had one story but a dozen of them; this was our mate, Ben Dedakin, or Big Ben, as he was commonly called.

The mate well deserved this name, for he was a brawny fellow, weighing a hundred and

"As mean a hole as ever I got into!" the mate exclaimed, emphatically, "people, as a rule, as big a set of skunks as I ever met with. You see I'm speaking of the town as it was in 'fifty-five; mebbe it's better now."

"Wal, we had on board the Donna Ana—that was the name of the little schooner—one of the brightest and smartest boys I ever laid eyes on. He was about seventeen, Johnny Clare by name, and he was as spry and as chipper as they make 'em. He had run away from home to seek his fortune, drifted 'way off to California, pretty near starved to death in the mines, and was mighty glad to get a berth on the Donna Ana. He soon became a pretty fair seaman, an', as he had a good education, he took charge of all the accounts. We had a great big Newfoundland dog on board the craft that I picked up in the streets of Frisco one day, and the liking that sprung up between the boy and the dog was really wonderful. Johnny never went anywhere without Johnny."

"Wal, as I was a-tellin' you, we came to anchor one day off Guyamas. Johnny went ashore as usual, to attend to business, taking the dog along. We had stopped at Guyamas three or four times before, and the boys had a good deal of fun with Johnny in regard to a pretty witch of a Mexican girl, the daughter of the keeper of a drinking-shop. I didn't like the looks of the old man, and I used often to warn him, if he didn't quit foolin' round the Greaser girl. But, you can't talk sense to a boy, particularly when there's a woman in the case."

"We cast anchor at noon and Johnny expected to be back in a couple of hours, but he was very often detained for these Greaser chaps are as cunning as foxes, and they were so busy with the afternoon work away, and Johnny didn't return, we were not at all alarmed, but when the twilight began to come on and no Johnny we began to feel a little uneasy. We knew that there was as vile a set of cutthroats in the town as you could scare up in all Mexico, and we began to think that, mebbe, the Greasers had got it into their heads that, as Johnny came on shore to attend to schooner business, he had a lot of money about him, and I reckon that there was many a man in that town at that time that would gladly cut a man's throat for a single golden ounce. Johnny had the dog with him, though, and we knew that if there was any trouble the dog could be safely counted on to do his share of the fighting, for he was big and powerful, and plucky enough to pull down a bull."

"Wal, I tell you, colonel, it was an anxious night to us schooner boys, for Johnny didn't put in an appearance, but the first thing, in the morning, the dog made his appearance on the shore and set up a howl."

"Tiger was a remarkable dog; he could almost talk, that dog could, and when he set up doing howl, he said just as plain as a man could, 'Come quick, for thar's trouble.' I just seized my weapons, jumped into the boat, and the boys pulled me to the shore. The dog commenced to bark, jumped up on me, then ran shore to fetch a little uneasy. We knew that there was as vile a set of cutthroats in the town as you could scare up in all Mexico, and we began to think that, mebbe, the Greasers had got it into their heads that, as Johnny came on shore to attend to schooner business, he had a lot of money about him, and I reckon that there was many a man in that town at that time that would gladly cut a man's throat for a single golden ounce. Johnny had the dog with him, though, and we knew that if there was any trouble the dog could be safely counted on to do his share of the fighting, for he was big and powerful, and plucky enough to pull down a bull."

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"Tiger led the way right straight through the town, trotting on ahead with his bushy tail wagging, and every once in a while turning his head around to see if I was following him."

"It was very early in the morning and there was hardly a soul stirring in the town."

"Tiger went right on through the town and then took a country road leading to the interior. We followed this road about five miles I suppose, and then we came to where a turbulent mountain stream was rushing down. It was in the spring, and the rains had swollen the 'branch' into quite a river."

"When we came to the stream the dog turned abruptly to the right, and took a sort of blind trail leading up the bank of the branch."

"It was a rough, uncertain pathway, and it was no easy job to follow it, but I stuck close to the dog's heels, much to his delight, and finally we came to a little sort of clearing, and upon the opposite bank was a small sort of cabin. The moment the dog caught sight of the cabin he sat down on his haunches, and pointing his nose at the hut gave a low growl."

"I jumped at the deficiency in a moment. Johnny was in the cabin. Some of the Greasers had watched him come on shore, and knowing that he attended to the schooner's business had got the idea that he had money with him, and so had decoyed him to the lonely cabin; I felt sure that the boy was in there, but whether alive or dead I knew not."

"I forced the stream, and, just as cautious as a 'coon stealing into a hen-house, peeked into the house."

"Wal, there was about six Greasers stretched out asleep on the floor, and Johnny, all tied up in one corner. He was awake and saw me; I made him a sign to keep quiet, and stole into the room and then histed him outen it, jest as slick as a whistle. There was a gully jest right back of the house, and no sooner had I got across and climbed up the bank when the Greasers came tearing out; but jest at that very minute, I felt the earth tremble under my feet, with fright, for down the gully came the biggest land-slide you ever did see—rocks and sand and boulders a-tearing along. The Greasers howled, brandished their weapons, and then I was some king of a foreign devil and had started the hull-billing. Wal, that leetle land-slide airtquake saved us, and we got safely back to the schooner, boy, dog and all."

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